

# L I F E, A New Humorous S O N G.

( To the Tune of, *One Morning on the Park Parade.* )

I.

**F**ROM nature's *Inlet* first we come,  
As sure as fate to meet our doom,  
In *Infancy* and *Innocence*,  
We straight with *Grief* and *Pain* commence;  
With *Coughs*, *Convulsions*, and *Disease*,  
We daily take up our degrees;  
And in the *State* of *Childhood* feel,  
Such pangs as children can't reveal.

II.

But if we 'scape each rock and sand,  
That does in *Childhood's Ocean* stand,  
The *Sea* of *Youth* presents to view,  
How many dangers there accrue,  
With *Learning*, *Study*, and *Correction*,  
*Conceit* and *Pride*, and small *Reflection*,  
But if to *Gamesters Isle* you run,  
Beware! or surely you're undone.

III.

Around that fatal *Island lye*,  
Rocks unperceiv'd by mortal eye;  
The *Isle* of *Dogs*, and *Bublers Bay*,  
*Dice Isle*, and *Card Quicksands* survey;  
*Thieves Harbour* too, and *Gamblers Hole*,  
Where soon they trick you of your cole;  
Then next to *Gallows Point* you come,  
And find too late 'twas all a Hum.

IV.

Of *Fornication Isle* beware,  
For dang'rous rocks and sands lye there!  
And if you touch at *Cape Desire*,  
You're surely burnt with *Venus Fire*:  
Tho oft at *Bay Infatuation*,  
You roll in joys and bless your station,  
Yet even there you'll find perhaps,  
A precious store of p--x and claps.

V.

Beware of *Passion Island* too,  
For man it lies the *Gulf of Woe*,  
*Sots Hole*, *Revenge*, and *Point Ambition*!  
*Consumption Cape* and sad contrition;  
The *Devils Gap*, the *Cape of Lust*,  
And woes that spring from passions gust,  
While dreadfull *Burning Mountains* blaze,  
Which fierce desires and passion raise.

VI.

Now some to shun a lesser Ill,  
Have split upon a greater still,  
And thought to pass away their lives,  
In happiness, by taking wives,  
And on the *Isle of Wedlock* prove,  
The sweets of chaste connubial love,  
But soon have found themselves mista'en,  
And curs'd the matrimonial chain.

VII.

For oft 'tis found, the *Married Life*,  
Is full of jealousy and strife!  
And if they prove some trivial joy,  
The care does often that destroy,  
Then strait for *Friendship's Isle* they steer,  
Where friends are alway found sincere,  
Tho oft they miss this happy land,  
And split on *Fallacy's Quick-Sand*.

VIII.

Then since that *Life* is all a cheat,  
And die we must, tho' e're so great,  
Let's shun as many Ills as we,  
Can do on this tempestuous sea;  
With cheerfull friends, and cheerfull bowls,  
Let's warm our hearts and cheer our souls,  
For such is *Human Nature's* case,  
We all must come to *Deadmans Place*.

**N. B.** An elegant Map of Human Life, designed and engraved by the Author, and of which the above Song is intended as a description, may be had of the Publisher of this work, Price *Sixpence* plain, or *One Shilling* coloured.

